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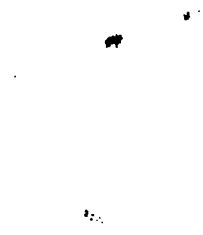
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**Donne, John. An anatomy of the
world. Wherein by occasion of the
vntimely death of Mistris Eliz.
Drury the frailty and decay of this
whole world is represented. [Anon.]
8^o. f. S. Macham, 1611.**

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AN
ANATOMY
of the World.

WHEREIN,
BY OCCASION OF
the vntimely death of Mistris
ELIZABETH DRY
the frailty and the decay
of this whole world
is represented.

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Macham.*
and are to be sold at his shop in
Paules Church-yard, at the
figne of the Bul-head.

AN.D.O.M.

1611.

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3

u



TO THE PRAISE
of the Dead, and the
ANATOMY.

WEL dy'de the world, that we might li
This world of wit, in his Anatomie
No euill wants his good: so wilder heyres
Bedew their fathers Toombs with forced te
Whole state requites their los: whils thus we
Well may we walk in blacks, but not compl
Yet, how can I consent the world is dead
While this Mule liues? which in his spirits
Seemes to informe a world: and bids it bee,
In spite of losse, or fraile mortalitee?
And thou the subiect of this wel-borne tho
Thise noble maid; couldst not haue found,
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, (so
Then whiles this spirit liues; that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephews eyn
That they shall wonder both at his, and thin

To the praise of the Dead,

Admired match! where striues in mutuall grace
The cunning Pencill, and the comely face:
A taske, which thy faire goodnes made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;
Enough is vs to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises bee, (head
Which hadst thou liu'd, had hid their fearefull
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward & shame: when enuy's gone,
And gaine; 'tis safe to giue the dead their owne.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombs, then houses: these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were; so wee
Giue more vnto thy Ghost, then vnto thee.
Yet what we giue to thee, thou gau'st to vs,
And maist but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gau'st, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profeist all due, where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited bine,
Serue but to sound thy makers praise, in shine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
Amid the Quire of Saints and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;
The subiects differ, tho the skill agree:
For as by infant-yeares men iudge of age,
Thy early loue, thy vertues, did presage

What

and the Anatomie.

What an hie part thou bear'st in those best songs
Vhereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou Virgin soule, whose lossefull gaine
Thy loue-sicke Parents haue bewayl'd in vaine;
Neuer may thy name be in our songs forgot
Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy note,

A 4

An



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AN
ANATOMY O
THE WORLD.

WHē that rich soule w^{ch} to her Heauen is g^o
whom all they celebrate, who know they
(For who is sure he hath a soule, unlesse
It see, and Iudge, and follow worthinesse,
And by Deedes praise it? He who doth not this,
May lodge an In-mate soule, but tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
And, as t^her standing house, to heauen did clymb
Where, loth to make the Saints attend her long,
(Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,
This world, in that great earth-quake languish
For in a common Bash of teares it bled,
Which dre w the strongest vitall spirits out:
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loose or gaine in this,

(See

An Anatomy

(Because since now no other way there is
But goodnes, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endenour to be good as shee,)
This great consumption to a feuer turn'd,
And so the world had fits, it ioy'd, it mournd.
And, as men thinke, that Agues physicke are,
And th' Ague being spent, giue ouer care,
So thou, sicke world, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Letarger.
Her death did wound, and tame thee than, and than
Thou mightst haue better spar'd the Sunne, or Man;
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.
Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'repast.
For as a child kept from the Font, untill
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The Ceremonies, thou vnnam'd haast laid,
Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, giue thee forme and frame,
And thou forgetst to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths she hath bene dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long shee hath bene away, long, long, yet none

Offers

of the World.

Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtfull of future keyres,
When sickenes without remedy, empayres
The present Prince, they're lech it should be said,
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
So mankind feeling now a generall thaw,
A strong example gone equall to law,
The Cymment which did faishfully compact
And glue all vertues, now resels'd, and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say she was dead;
Or that our weakenes was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Then tongues, the soule being gone, she losse deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sicke world, yea dead, yea petrified, since shee
Thy ntrinsique Balme, and thy preseruatiue,
Can neuer be renew'd, thou neuer live,
I (since no man can make thee liue) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught vs dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, she world it selfe being dead,
'Tis labour lost to haue discovered
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Aloue to study this dissectione;
For there's a kind of world remaining still,

Though

An Anatomy

Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light;
A faint white leaze of vertue and of good.
Refle. Its from her, on them which under stood
Her worth; And though she haue shut in all day,
The twi-light of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcasfe of the old world free,
Creates a new world; and new creatures be
Produc'd: The matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practise is.
And though to be thus Elemented, arme
These Creatures, from home-borne, intrinsique harme,
(For all assum'd vnto this Dignities,
So many weddleffe Paradieses bee,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sinne,
Except some forraigne Serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer; being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men do then serue,
Or conet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health, Physicians say, that we
At best, enioy, but a neutralitee.
And can there be worse sickenesse, then to know

That

of the VWorld.

That we are neuer well, nor can be so?
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers crie,
That children come not right, nor orderly,
Except they headlong come, and fall vpon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine? how impertunate
Vpon mankind? It labour'd to frustrate
Euen Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment,
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principall in ill.
For that first marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd vs all,
And singly, one by one, they kill vs now.
We doe delightfully our selves allow
To that con'umption; and profusely blinde,
We kill our selves, to propagate our kinde.
And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then
When as the Sunne, and man, did seeme to strine,
(I. y. tenants of the world) who should surmount
Wh. n. Stag, and Rauen, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with men, in minoritee.
When, if a slow pace of time had stolne away
From the obseruers marking he might say
Two or three hundred years, to see't againe,

An Anatomy

(Because since now no other way there is
 But goodnes, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endenour to be good as shee,)
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits, it ioy'd, it mournd.
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An Anatomy

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(I. y^e tenants of the world) who should surue.
When Eagle, and Raven, and the long-lin'd tree,
Compar'd with men, dyde in minoritye.
When, if a slow pace a floure had stolne away
From the observers marking, he might say
Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,

An Anatomy

*And then make up his obseruation plaine ;
 When, as the age was long, the sife was great :
 Mans growth confest'd, and recompenc'd the meat :
 So spacious and large, that euery soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule :
 And when the very stature thus erect,
 Did that soule a good way towards Heauen direct.
 Where is this mankind now ? who liues to age,
 Fit to be made Methusalem his page ?
 Alas, we scarfe liue long enough to trie;
 Whether a new made clocke runne right, or lie.
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children we reserue to morrow.
 So short is life, that euery peasant strides,
 In a torne house, or field, to haue three lines.
 And as in lasting, so in length is man
 Contracted to an inch, who was a span.
 For had a man at first, in Forrests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would haue laid
 A wager that an Elephant, or Whale
 That met him, would not hastily assaile
 A thing so equall to him : now alas,
 The Fayries, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible ; mankind decayses so soone,
 We're scarfe our Fathers shadowes cast at noone.
 Onely death addes to our length : nor are we growne*

In

of the World.

*In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text ; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their siluer ; or dispos'd into lesse glas,
 Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was.
 But 'tis not so : we are not retir'd, but damp't ;
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't :
 'Tis shrinking, not close-weaning, that hath thus,
 In minde and body both bedwarfed us.
 We seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke to undoe ;
 Of nothing he made us, and we strine too,
 To bring our selues to nothing backe ; and we
 Do what we can, to do't so soone as bee.
 With new diseases on our selues we warre,
 And with new phisicke, a worse Engin farre.
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperor, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home ;
 And if in other Creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans ministers, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
 Them to Ciuility, and to mans vse.
 This man, whom God did wooe, and loth to attend
 Till man came vp, did downe to man descend,
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is !
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now :*

Hel

An Anatomy

He'pe, or at least some time to wast, a'low
 This other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament he lost his hart.
 She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophecie,
 When they call'd verities by the name of Ioe,
 She in whom vertue was so much refid,
 That for Alay unto so pure a minde
 Shee took the weaker Sex, th' that could drine
 The porsonous tincture, and the stye of Eue,
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchimie;
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 The heart being per:sh'd, no part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better Growth grows withered, and scant;
 Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant.
 Then, as mankind, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of ioynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprauid the best:
 It scis'd the Angels. and then first of all
 The world did in her Cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maiime

WRONG.

of the VVorld.

wronging each ioynt of th' vniuersall frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
 Both beasts and plants, curs'd in the curse of man.
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That euening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see
 Like sonnes of women after fifty bee,
 And new Philosophy cal's all in doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sunne is lost, and th' earth, and no mans wis
 Can well direct him, where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse, that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament
 They seeke so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomis.
 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;
 All iust supply, and all Relation:
 Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
 For euery man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow,
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had innented then

B

Wh

An Anatomy

When she obseru'd that euery sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Seastray,
 And needed a new compasse for their way;
 Shee that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies; and the generall
 Steward to Fate; shee whose rich eyes, and brest,
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East;
 Whose hauing breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
 Is but a single money, cōyn'd from her:
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer,
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is.
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certaine part;
 But, as thou saw'st it rotten at the hart,
 Thou seest a Heelique feuer hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not so be contrould,
 And that thou hast but one way, not to admit
 The worlds infection, so be none of it:
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts
 Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.
 For the worlds beauty is decayd, or gone,

Beauty,

of the VVorld.

Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.
 We thinke the heauens enioy their Sphericall
 Their round proportion embracing all.
 But yet their various and perplexed course,
 Obseru'd in diuers ages doth enforce
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
 Such diuers downe-right lines, such ouerthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme. It teares
 The Firmament in eight and fortie sheeres,
 And in those constellations then arise
 New starres, and old do vanish from our eyes:
 As though heau'n suffred earth-quakes, peace or
 When new Towres rise, and olde demolish'd are.
 They haue empayld within a Zodiacke
 The free-borne Sunne, and keepe twelue signes a
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crabbe controule
 And fright him backe, who els to eyther Pole,
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might run
 For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
 One inche direct: but where he rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a conuening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer us.
 So, of the stares which boast that they do runne

B 3

An Anatomy

In Circle still, none ends where he begunne.
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
Vpon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labor thus
To goe to heauen, we make heauen come to vs.
We spur, we raine the stars, and in their race
They're diuersly content t'obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenariff, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sink?
Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd iourneys end, the bottom dye.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might iustly thinke, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:
If under all, a Vault infernall be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Inuent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hote roome be thrust)
Then solaines, and roundnes haue no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th' earth? Thinke so. But yet confesse, in this

The

of the VVorld:

The worlds proportion disfigured is,
That those two legges whereon it doth relie,
Reward and punishment are bent awrie.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best proportion, is dead,
Since euen grieve it selfe, which now alone
Is left vs, is without proportion.
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soul
Of Harmony, he would at next haue said
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, she formes from object, flow:
Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
That th' Arke to mans proportions was made,
Had beene a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements, and Passions liu'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Ciuill warre to cease.
Shee, after whom, what forme soe're we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruitie,
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou know
Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world
And learnst thus much by our Anatomie,

An Anatomy

That here is nothing to enuor thee:
 And that, not onely faultis in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hart,
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us: but that if cuery thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our actions mee:
 Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as nere spent.
 And had the world his iust proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold fals sicke being stung with Mercury,
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new-borne earth, God seemd to like,
 That she should sport herselfe sometimes, and play,
 To mingle, and vary colours euery day.
 And then, as though she could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sense of any one,

Tet

of the VVorld:

Tet sight hath onely color to feed on,
 And color is decayd: summers robe growes
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shewes.
 Our blushing redde, which vs'd in cheekes to spre
 Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are redde:
 Perchance the world might haue reconered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead:
 But shee, in whom all white, and redde, and blue
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an vnnext Paradise; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous,
 Being all color, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were
 And lineliest stones but drowse, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst
 Thou knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is:
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire color then did sinke,
 Tis now but wicked vanity to thinke,
 To color vitious deeds with good pretence,
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
 Then that her influence the heau'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,

B 4

An Anatomy

*The father, or the mother barren is.
 The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre
 In the due birth-time, downe the balmy showre.
 Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and giue all things birth.
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombs.
 Th' Ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not onely what they meane, but what they bee.
 Earth such new wormes, as would haue troubled me
 Th' Egyptian Magics to haue made more such.
 What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
 Heauen hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprison'd in an Herbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which those starres could do?
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.
 For heauen giues little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trade, and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heauen and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this trafique quite forgot,
 Shee, for whose losse we haue lamented thus,
 Wou'd worke more fully and pow'rfully on vs.
 Since herbes, and roots by dying, lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that*

of the VVorld.

*It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her funerall prayse, and vanish than.
 But as some Serpents poison hurteth not,
 Except it be from the liue Serpent shot,
 So doth her vertue need her here, to sit
 That unto vs; she working more then it.
 But she, in whom, to such maturity,
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,
 She from whose influence all Impressions came,
 But, by Receiuers impotencies, lame,
 Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet guilded euery state,
 So that some Princes haue some temperance;
 Some Counsaylors some purpose to aduance
 The common profite; and some people haue
 Some stay, no more then Kings should giue, so crum
 Some women haue some taciturnity,
 Some Nunneries, some graines of chastity.
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
 But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st
 Thou knowest how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
 It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or Bland: no thing*

An Anatomy

Is worth our transile, grieve, or perishing,
 But those rich ioyes, which did possesse her hart,
 Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
 The body will not last out to haue read
 On euery part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcassee would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy.
 Nor smells it well to bearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what euer hath beene said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
 Whose name refines course lines, & makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
 That is, thy death. For though the soule of man
 Begot when man is made, 'tis borne but than
 When man doth die. Our body's as the wombe,
 And as a mid-wife death directs it home.
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon
 And haue your last, and best concoction
 From her example, and her vertue, if you

In

of the World.

In reuerence to her, doe thinke it due,
 That no one should her prayes thus reuerse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse,
 Vouchsafe to call to minde, that God did make
 A last, and lasting peece, a song. He spake
 To Moses, to deliuer vnto all,
 That song: because he knew they would let fall,
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
 But keepe the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade.
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Me, from thus trying to emprison her.
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature: heauen keeps soules,
 The grave keeps bodies, verse the same enroules.



A



A FVNERALL ELEGIE.

TIs lost, to trust a Tombe with such a ghest,
Or to confine her in a Marble chest.
Alas, what's Marble, Ieat, or Porphiry,
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of eyther eye,
Or with those Pearles, and Rubies which shee was?
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glas;
And so is all to her materials,
Though euery inche were ten escurials.
Yet shee's demolish'd: Can we keepe her then
In workes of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, ragges of paper, giue
Life to that name, by which name they must liue?
Sickly, alas, short-liu'd, aborted bee
Those Carkas verses, whose soule is not shee.
And can shee, who no longer would be shee,
Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to bee
In paper wrap't; Or, when she would not lie
In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verse to liue so long as the world will new.

For

A Funerall Elegie.

For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for armes, and Counsailors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for hearts, and more,
The Rich for stomachs, and for backes the Pore;
The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet
By which remote and distant Countries meet,
But those fine spirits, which doe tune and set
This Organ, are those peeces which beget
Wonder and loue; And these were shee; and shee
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee.
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.
Thus braue and confident may Nature bee,
Death cannot giue her such another blow,
Because shee cannot such another shew.
But must we say shee's dead? May't not be said
That as a sundred Clocke is peece-meale laid,
Not to be lost, but by the makets hand
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,
Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs
It selfe into the earth, and after comes,
(Hauing first made a naturall bridge, to passe
For many leagues,) farre greater then it was,
May't not be said, that her graue shall restore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but can wee
Who liue, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
What is't to vs, alas, if there haue beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?

We

A Funerall Elegie.

We lose by't: And as aged men are glad
Being tastelesse growne, to ioy in ioyes they had,
So now the sicke staru'd world must feed vpon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Reioyce then nature, and this world, that you
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were neere gone;
Wisely bestow'd, and layd it all on one.
One, whose cleare body was so pure, and thin,
Because it neede disguise no thought within.
T'was but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'enroule,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule.
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd;
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
But as when Heau'n looks on vs with new eyes,
Those new starres eu'ry Artifi exercise,
What place they should assigne to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those starres go out;
So the world studied whose this peece should be,
Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorne, then last, shee soone expir'd;
Cloath'd in her Virgin white integrity;
For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
To scape th'infirmities which waite vpon
Woman, shee went away, before sh'was one,
And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
Tooke so much death, as seru'd for opium.

For

A Funerall Elegie.

For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,
Shee'ath yeelded to too long an Extasie.
He which not knowing her sad History,
Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
How faire and chaste, humble and high shee had beene,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,
And measuring future things, by things before,
Should turne the leafe to reade, and read no more,
Would thinke that cyther destiny mistooke,
Or that some leaues were tome out of the booke.
But 'tis not so: Fate did but vs her
To yeares of Reasons vse, and then infer
Her destiny to her selfe; which liberty.
She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
Her modesty not suffering her to bee
Fellow-Commissioner with destinee,
Shee did no more but die; if after her
Any shall liue, which dare true good prefer,
Euery such person is her delegate,
T'accomplish that which should haue beene her fate.
They shall make vp that booke, and shall haue thanks
Of fate and her, for filling vp their blanks.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise.
And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall mirth,
To see how well, the good play her, on earth.

P I N I S.

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